

The Adams Sentinel.

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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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75 cents per square for each continuance.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

VOL. XLVI.

GETTYSBURG, PA. MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1846.

NO. 43.

Poetry.

THE SHOUT AND THE MOAN.

"Victory! victory!"—the shout is in our ears, and its rejoicings almost madden us! But there are two sides to the picture of war and victory—its light and shadow—its glory and its gloom—its pomp and its despair. We daily see its first features in the gazettes, which chronicle the victorious march of our brave Taylor and his gallant army, and our hearts swell to the light, glory and pomp of victory. But amid the general rejoicings, if any one could raise the curtain from before the sanctity of desolated homes, he would see in all its horrors, the shadows, groans, and despair which follow the track of war, as the vulture, the wolf, and the hyena do the battle field. While the nation shouts for the glories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, individual hearts are breaking, and the eyes of loved ones are weeping at the sad fates of Ringgold, Brown, Cochran and others. Proud bulletins, general orders, and exulting dispatches chronicle the glories of war; the shout of a nation is sent forth in thunder peals of exultation, and the loud huzzas drown the low, feeble wail of bereavement, or the piercing shriek of the widowed heart! The rattling drum—the cannon peal full with startling clamor beside the desolate hearth, and—mighty image of national glory—turn death and despair to cause of rejoicing! Turn we from the official despatch, reeking with glory, blood, gore and mangled limbs, to the following picture from Douglass Jerrold's Magazine, and contrast the public and private effect of

A VICTORY!

The jing-bells peal a merry tune
Along the country air;
The crackling bonfire fills the sky
All crimson with their glare.
Bold music fills the startled streets
With mirth-inspiring sound;
The gaping cannon's reddening breach
Wakes thunder-shouts around;
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"
A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played;
Less wild and frolicsome than she,
That rosy prattling maid.
Sudden her cheek turned ghastly white;
Her eye with tears was filled;
And rushing in of doors, she screams—
"My brother Willie's killed!"
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"
A mother sat in thoughtful ease,
A knitting by the fire,
Flinging the needle's thrifty task
With hands that never tire.
She tore her gray hairs, and shrieked
"My joy on earth is done!"
Oh, who will lay me in my grave?
Oh, God! my son! my son!
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"
A youthful wife the threshold crossed,
With matron's treasure blessed;
A smiling infant nestling lay
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
"I have a tale to tell;
But like a corpse, all white and still,
Upon the earth floor fell.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"
An old weak man, with head of snow,
And years three score and ten,
Looked in upon his cabin-home,
And anguish seized him then.
He held a not wife, nor helpless babe,
Matron nor little maid.
One seething tear, one choking sob—
He knelt him down and prayed.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

Miscellaneous.

"A FLOWER IN THE DESERT."

A Few Words for Peace.—Here is a beautiful incident related by an officer at Matamoras, in a letter to a friend in Providence, which reminds us that—

In the desert there still is a fountain,
In the waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing!

Our Army were marching into Matamoras, and the officer writes—

There was a little incident occurred which contrasted so forcibly with what was going on around me, that I could not but be struck by it.

Under a tree just on the river bank, and at the point where the bustle and throng of the passage was the greatest, a family of Mexicans had taken shelter, who had recrossed to our side the day before, and had not had time to move to their homes. There were some six or eight children of various ages; one of these a beautiful black-eyed little creature of five or six years. I saw her, while tumult and turmoil of all descriptions raged around, while arms were flashing, cannon rolling, men hurrying to and fro, horses dashing at wild speed, the air filled with shouts and oaths, and all wore as if peace and quiet were banished from the earth. Little sitting, half lying upon a grassy knoll, her head resting upon a white pet dove and one little arm thrown around the bird as if to protect it from all harm.

What a lesson is taught here! What a picture for the Painter and the Poet! See Innocence personified in that sweet child! See Peace represented in that beautiful dove! How they stood out, the bright, the glorious figures in that scene, where War, with its array of banners, and mar-barked men, and gaudily dressed officers on caparisoned horses, fresh from the battle-field, their hearts filled with the swelling thoughts of the victory they have won, and all glowing with the ambitious desires that became the heroes they have shown themselves to be—how that sweet child and beautiful dove, shone with the light that is from Heaven, in that scene, where War fills up and darkens all the background!

Who, that is a man, can look upon this picture, and turning from that which represents War, all glorious as it is said to be, to the calm quiet, the joyous and happy contrast, and not feel his heart moved, and the longing for Peace increase upon him? Here to his being him the pomp of war. How he

heroes of his own country and kin, flushed with triumph, marching to take possession of that city which their valor had won! He hears the file and drum; and in the distance "the diapason of the cannonade" announces that the banner of the Union floats from the staff of the government house of this so lately hostile town! It is an exhilarating sight! It moves the hearts of those who look upon it; and it warms up to a glow the pride that every man feels in his country and his name. It is the American arms that have achieved this victory—they are American soldiers who have done this glorious deed.

We turn our eyes from this, and the glory all fades away. We look upon the battle field, where the wounded, and the dying, and the dead are heaped up together. We see here nothing but the murderous assault, the deadly charge, the work of the sword, and the cannon, and the gun and the bayonet! Here is a poor fellow with his head shot off—there is another with an arm gone—what a terrible gash has the sabre of that dragoon made in the head of that soldier, who now reels to the earth!—Here are two men lying together dead;—they killed each other—the bayonet of the one has impaled the other; the sword of that other has let the life's blood out from the heart of that one.—They had never known each other—there was no quarrel between them—they had never met until just now, and they have killed each other. But they are dead, and are enemies no longer!—They were both married—they had wives who loved them, and they had children who blessed them. It may be, nay it is, the Mexican soldier is the father of that sweet child, who but now we saw nestling in its innocent bosom that beautiful dove!

We turn from the scene with horror! Is it any wonder? It is a battle field; and who can gaze on one unmoved? It softened the heart of Napoleon as he walked over it; and he, who had looked upon blood and carnage, and had done the work of blood and carnage, this almost ruler of the world, shed tears, when the smoke of the contest had blown off, and he saw with the eyes of a man the butchered dead before him, and heard with the ears of a man the groans of the wounded and dying around him. We, then, all unused to such scenes, may not look upon them with less of sorrow than filled the heart of the French Emperor, and it is no impeachment of our manhood to say that we cannot contemplate them without horror!

Give us then back the Peace we so lately enjoyed; give us its calm rule and its ever-descending and multiplying blessings. Ye men in authority, stop the work of carnage, which you so lately sent forth your armies to accomplish. Ye can do it if you will. The cup of our national glory is already full—the valor and prowess of our soldiers are abundantly vindicated—the enemy, appalled at what they have suffered, fly like frightened deer before the march of our battalions! Let the face of that sweet child, whose innocent heart has been made to taste so soon of sorrow, plead for us and with us, and her voice, penetrating to the high places and the low places of the nation, touch the hearts of the people and prepare them for Peace.—Let not you who are in authority, you who are responsible for all that is done by us as a nation, let not that voice plead with you in vain here, or it may not be silent when the day of the great account shall come.

Let us not stand, either, on formalities or conventional rules of propriety. The dignity of a nation was never lessened, by making the first advance to stop the havoc of war. The spectacle of a great and mighty country like this, turning its back upon slaughter, and stretching out its hand with the olive branch of Peace to its enemy, already prostrate with the blows and wounds inflicted upon him, has more of true dignity in it, than can be seen in that other spectacle, where the strong stand off in array, presenting only the front of war, waiting for the humble approach and supplicating submission of its feeble and prostrate foe, before it will vouchsafe to make one step towards reconciliation. There is no dignity here, nor honor either. Both these belong to the magnanimous and generous, and both go with that nation which is more ambitious of the trophies of Peace than of War.

Let us, then, while the sword is yet drawn, be not unwilling to prefer the hand of peace, that we may stop this carnage. It is here Humanity pleads.—Let not the promptings of Pride make us deaf to her voice. The contest is already fought out, and Mexico must be glad to accept peace on any honorable terms. Let us offer them to her. If the President is sincere, as we will not doubt he is, in his profession of a desire to put an end to this now more than unequal contest, he should do something more towards it, than make idle professions on the subject at the flag end of messages to the Senate. He should feel that in his present exalted position he has been raised up to a height where the Chief Magistrate, and the House of Representatives

in one person, and being moved by the virtuous ambition to secure to himself the reward which belongs to the latter, so exert the authority of the former as to gain it, and at the same time give to the people, over whom he has been for a time appointed to rule, the blessings of an honorable Peace. It is claimed for him, we see by a writer in his organ, that the victory on the Rio Grande is a "dazzling event" in the career of his administration. Let no such false light mislead him. We have no right, as things go, to counsel and instruct him; but speaking only as an American citizen, and using only the words of truth, we tell him, that to do that which shall now cause the sword to be sheathed—now to do that which shall stop this almost universal clamor for blood—now to do that which will end those "discordant noises" that—

"Drown Nature's sweet and kindly voices—And jarrest the celestial harmonies!" To do this and speedily, we take free to tell Mr. Polk, may not, by those who count his favor, be regarded as a "dazzling event" in his administration, but let him rest assured, that the steady brilliancy of this work of Peace, will shed a truer and more lasting glory over the pages of history where his name may be found, than if he were to connect it with a thousand battle-fields in Mexico, and with ten thousand Mexicans killed and slaughtered.

We have been drawn, almost imperceptibly, into these remarks, in contemplating the incident, which is related in the extract of the letter copied above. We could not help, if we could, when we saw that sweet child, sheltering the dove in its bosom, saying something for Peace, of which it was the personification. We could but imagine that we heard her gentle voice raised up in a plea for mercy, for her country and her countrymen; and we have endeavored to give some expression to the thoughts which may have filled her innocent bosom, as she saw a hostile army marching in triumph into the city, which was once the home of her father, and where all her young affections were placed. It is scarcely possible, that amid the "din of conflict," this voice pleading for peace, will be heard by the rulers of the nation, or if heard that it will be heeded. We are still not without our satisfaction: If none will hear, or hearing heed this voice, The sin be theirs, and my own feelings be my need.

Bull. Patriot.

RESPECT TO OLD AGE.

There is something sublimely beautiful in the respect almost uniformly paid to old age. We have a case in point.—One day, during the session of the Old School Assembly in Philadelphia, the venerable Dr. Green made his appearance in the aisle, supported by two members of the Assembly. Instantly the whole House arose, with an air of reverence, and as the aged divine approached the altar, the Moderator addressed him as follows:—

Dr. GREEN: The General Assembly rise to greet you, not only out of respect to your advanced age, but to testify their reverence for your character, their high estimate of your long continued, faithful and valuable services in the church.—The Assembly rejoice to see you once more in this House, and beg you to take the seat prepared for you.

The old gentleman took his seat, and when he retired the same demonstrations of respect were exhibited as were shown on his entrance. The scene must have been interesting.

Nothing strikes to the heart with more acute painfulness than the sight of some article of the usual wearing apparel of one who is no more: it jars upon one of those mysterious chords of feeling at the heart which we all know by experience it is agony to touch.

It was a pretty saying of a little boy, who, seeing two nesting birds picking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be; they are brothers."

Comfortable.—Three men who wanted to leave the rail of the Louisville Express, were very quietly placed upon rail, and rode away from the company to the tune of Raggy's March.

Heart to Reason.—A blistering fellow in Connecticut, some years ago, committed numerous trespasses and abuses upon one of his quiet neighbors, and became forbearance was long exercised towards him, he at length proceeded to personal violence. This was too much for the abused man, who spring upon the offender, beat him severely, threw him upon the ground, and continued to chastise him, when he belittled out:—"Stop, neighbor, stop—do hear to reason, now do stop, and hear to reason." The late news from Texas brought this occurrence to mind. It seems, however, that Gen. Taylor has done just as the abused Yankee farmer did—taken his own time to reason the case with the Marauders.

TO THE GIRLS.

Habits of neatness, cleanliness and order are indispensable to a female, if she have any regard to the comfort of others or her own. I have told you that females are designed, not only to extend the comforts of domestic life, but to be its principal ornament; an attention to dress, therefore, is very necessary. How many females run into the error of thinking that to dress nicely is to dress well, when the two things are as different as possible—for the one excites attention and the other avoids it.

A lady, who knew this distinction, ordered a cap from a milliner.

"Make it," replied the lady, "so that it will not excite a thought."

I think this the best definition of what dress should be that I ever heard in my life. Be then neat and cleanly in your dress, and borrow a letter of instruction from this lady.

Sad is it to see a female walking out with a hole in her stockings, her stays visible behind through the opening of her frock or gown, and her under garments seen through her pocket holes. These things are not as they should be: avoid them, my dear girls; they are bad habits, and bad habits never answer.

An orderly person shows her love of regularity in all things, and can lay her hand on any article she wants; a disorderly person knows not where to find it, and if she finds it, frequently it is not in a state fit for use.

An orderly person has little to do; while a disorderly one has ten times the trouble of the other, without possessing one half her advantages. I knew one who was the very spirit of order. She learned the spirit of order in her youth, and practiced it in her riper years. The house in which she resided was a pattern of propriety, and her wardrobe a picture to gaze on. But oh! it is terrible to peep into a drawer that is crammed without order, with clean frocks and dirty handkerchiefs, new gloves and old silk stockings, ribbons and curl papers, bodices and boot laces, scissors and scent boxes, and patchwork and pincushions! What a shocking exhibition of disorder and bad habits is here.

One glance at a room is enough to convince us whether it be under the care of an orderly person or not.

I have frequently known the kitchen of a domestic more orderly than the drawing room of her mistress, and the dormitory of an old woman in an almshouse kept far more cleanly and methodically than the bed-chamber of a young lady. Be orderly, my dear girls! do be orderly.

A FIGHTING CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman, in command of four hundred of his flock, alarmed and equipped, arrived in New Orleans, from one of the towns above, a few days since, bound to the seat of war. There is in this a little of the spirit and devotion of the days of the revolution, when it was no unusual thing to see whole congregations march into camp, headed by their spiritual captains. In the biography of that tough and rough hero, Stark, an anecdote is related of a clergyman, who, at the head of his flock, arrived at Bennington late on the evening preceding the great battle. The parson, eager to meet and oppose the mercenary invader of his country, inquired his way to the quarters of Stark, and asked an interview. Admitted, he stated who he was, and demanded, in behalf of his people, to be led against the enemy.

"The night is pitchy dark, and the rain is falling in torrents," said Stark. "Do you wish to fight in this gloom and storm?"

The clergyman hesitated—Stark continued: "Return, my good sir, to your neck, and pray all of you for fair weather to-morrow; for if God gives me sunshine, and I do not give you and your patriotic brethren fighting enough, may I be—hanged here!"

The gallant veteran checked himself just in time, and the next day he kept his word. It is unnecessary to bid that the ardor of the good clergyman and his people remained unabated throughout the night, and that on the following day they battled most nobly for their country.—N. Y. Dispatch.

Pity.—Some gentlemen of a Bible Association lately calling upon an old woman to see if she had a Bible, were severely reproved with a spiritual reply. Do you think, gentlemen, I am a heathen? Then, addressing a little girl, she said, Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen. The gentlemen declared giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them a *ocular demonstration* that she was no heathen. Accordingly, the Bible was brought, nicely covered; and, on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, Well, how glad am I that you have come, here are my spectacles; that I have been looking for these three years, and didn't know where to find 'em.

It is stated that the fall of rain for the month of May last, was 7.61 (nearly 8) inches in depth.

THE LATE NATIONAL FAIR.

Every one would suppose that this grand display of American genius and enterprise would have been regarded with pride and joy by every true-hearted American. To see these overwhelming proofs of the progress the country has made, and how independent of foreign nations for the supply of our wants we have become, would be exactly what would warm every patriot heart. But we find, instead of such patriotic joy, the most inglorious groanings on the part of the Government organ and others of that ilk. The Union admits in its columns articles treating the whole display with ridicule and contempt, and can see in these demonstrations of American greatness and honorable competition with foreign enterprise nothing but a shilling show, with no higher character than a menagerie. When, a few weeks ago, a British agent exhibited his specimens of British manufacture in a room in the Capitol, the free-trade Locos were delighted; but when American manufacturers came forward to show what can be done in this country, the Locos turn up their noses and swear they smell a menagerie. Fine patriots, these Locofocos! Where is the British party?—And who are the friends of American interests!—[Fredonian.

This great National Fair was suggested by an exhibition of foreign goods under the auspices of a British agent. This agent of the Manchester manufacturers was suffered to make a display of British fabrics under the dome of the National Capitol, for the purpose of "humbugging the people's representatives into a belief that, if they would destroy our protective policy, the people could purchase articles made in England much cheaper than they now procure those manufactured in this country." While the British exhibition was in progress, the government paper contained no articles sneering at it. The editor and the majority of the Locofocos at the seat of Government were in ecstasies, and thought that such an exhibition would cause the speedy downfall of the protective policy.—[Louisville Journal.

NEW ORLEANS, JUNE 6.

On Thursday last a party of forty-one chiefs and captains of various Prairie Indian tribes, under the care of Col. M. G. Lewis, arrived at Port Caddo, on their way to Washington, at which place treaties between them and their tribes with our Government, made at Council Bluffs on the 17th ultimo, will be ratified.—They will thus have a fine opportunity of seeing our country, and its vast numbers of inhabitants, which will be very serviceable to them, as they now fancy themselves the greatest people in the world. Let them see the wonders of civilization, and understand the various comforts of Christian life and duties; they will go home recounting them, and "prepare the way of the Lord and make his path straight." The men are noble in frame, as they must be to exist amid their exposure and habits; the women are tolerably good looking, but they especially will perceive our superior customs; they will see the most natural state is that in which the faculties of art exert themselves.

The treaties with them were concluded by Col. M. G. Lewis and Col. Burke, of South Carolina, who have shown great judgment by bringing their duties there to a close, at this particular juncture.—[Corr. Charleston Ed'g Gazette.

Boiled Ice.—In some hot countries, to which Yankee ice is sent, it is regarded as a great luxury. A foreign journal relates that a gentleman, who had purchased some lumps of it, sent it to his cook, with orders to have it served up for dinner. The cook was at a loss what to do with it. But, as he had a pot of boiling water over the fire, he dropped the ice into it. At the dinner-table, the master said, when the dessert was ready—

"Now fetch on the ice."
"All gone, massa."
"Gone! where's it gone to?"
"Why, massa, me put it into de pot to look, and when me looked for it, it wasn't there!"

The poor fellow had a bottle thrown at his head for his blunder.

"Why was General Arista very polite to General Taylor on his march from Point Isabel to his fort opposite Matamoras?"
"Because he invited him to accept a few balls on the way."
"Why was Gen. Taylor more polite?"
"Because he returned three balls for Arista's one."
"You can run, my boy. If you had been in the way of one of those balls, perhaps you might have been smarter still."

A good 'un.—Prentice of the Louisville Journal says that not less than a dozen young lawyers of that city, declare their determination to volunteer for the Mexican war. So, in the event of a collision between the two armies, we shall be sure to have the law on our side.

THE OREGON TREATY.

The ratification of the treaty of limits between the United States and Great Britain, relative to the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, removes a cause of difficulties which has greatly disturbed the relations of the two countries, and gives an assured prospect, we may hope, of long continued peace between the respective parties to this new bond of amity.

The achievement of this peaceful and honorable settlement of a complicated question, pregnant with the elements of war, is to be regarded as a signal triumph of the wisdom and conservative virtue of the country over the rash, reckless and impetuous spirit of the day—over the machinations of such political aspirants as sought to rise on the tide of the martial enthusiasm of the people, kindled into an artificial excitement by denunciations of England and by sophistical appeals to that patriotism which is the instinct of every American. The sacredness of the latter feeling, its wide spread extent, its deep and enduring strength—when we consider these and the dangers of its perversion and the aptitude of demagogues to strive to pervert it for their own purposes, we shall find abundant cause for congratulation at the peaceful result now so happily reached.

"When I read the speeches of Mr. WEBSTER, Mr. CALHOUN and Mr. BENTON"—we quote from LORD ABERDEEN in the House of Lords—"I feel anxious to forget all the idle declamation which have been wafted from the other side of the Atlantic." Thus it is that statesmanship vindicates itself; the calm voice is heard most distinctly even in the midst of tumultuous uproar. When the British peer went on to express the hope that an adjustment of limits would be had in Oregon, and that the treaty for the settlement of that boundary might be a prelude to a more intimate connection between England and the United States, "that vast commonwealth of free people"—he expressed a hope which will find a reciprocity of feeling on this side of the Atlantic. Against British arrogance and British ambition, should either be exhibited in our international intercourse, there would be in the minds of our people a sentiment of strong repugnance and resistance; but for intimations of amity, of courtesy, of friendly association, given in a frank and cordial spirit, there can be no other return on our part but one of equal frankness and cordiality. Let us hope that the good understanding now established may long continue, that it may strengthen by its continuance and give rise to increased intercourse, to the benefit and welfare of both parties and of the world.—Bull. American.

Murderous Affray at Palmyra, Missouri.—The St. Louis Republican of the 8th instant has the following:

"We alluded, a few days ago, to a difficulty between H. C. Broadus, of Hannibal, and John L. Taylor, of Palmyra, resulting in a challenge to fight a duel, and the rejection of the terms proposed by the challenged party. That affair has led to a most dreadful result in the death of the seconds, which occurred on Saturday evening last, at Palmyra.—About 8 o'clock, GEORGE W. BUCKNER, Esq. met JOSEPH W. GLOVER, at the spring in or near Palmyra. The meeting was accidental—Glover, armed with a six barrel revolving pistol, Buckner without any means of defence.

"An altercation took place between them, of the tenor of which we are not informed, when Glover drew his pistol and shot Buckner, the ball passing just above the hip, and coming out at the navel. Buckner, thus wounded, immediately seized the pistol from Glover's hands, and fired it—the ball passing directly through the latter's heart. He expired immediately. Buckner died yesterday morning.

"The parties to this dreadful conflict are respectable men; and we understand that there had been, prior to the above duel, no difficulty whatever between them. Mr. Buckner was the circuit attorney for the district, residing at Bowling Green, and Mr. Glover a student of law in Palmyra."

The very reprehensible practice of firing crackers, squibs, &c. in the public streets, is one to which police officers should give special attention. In Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday, a horse took fright from a cracker thrown under him by a boy, and dashing off at full speed came in contact with a lady named Nelson, injuring her so severely that she has since died. Mrs. N. was a widow in poor circumstances and has left two young children unprovided for. What a lesson this circumstance should be to thoughtless boys, and negligent officers.

Great Collection of Birds.—The ornithological collection owned by Prince d'Essling, son of Marshal Massena, of Paris, has been purchased by Dr. Thomas Wilson, of Newark, Del., through his agent in Paris, for 37,500 francs, or about \$7,500. The collection contains nearly 10,000 specimens in perfect preservation, belonging to some 4,000 species, and not only giving each sex, but the different ages, in cases when plumage changes.

IMPORTANT NEWS!



NOW FOR BARGAINS!

GEORGE H. SHOPP

RETURNS his thanks to his friends for the liberal patronage hitherto extended him, and respectfully invites all persons desirous of securing first-rate Furniture at reasonable prices, to call at his

Cabinet-making Establishment, in York street, a few doors east of Waltham Hotel, where he will be prepared to make to order

DINING CENTRE, & TOILET

TABLES,

Redsteads, Sideboards, Sofas,

BUREAUS, CUPBOARDS,

Work, Wash and Candle Stands, &c.

together with every article in his line of business. He will also keep on hand the various articles of Furniture, made of the best materials, and in the newest style. All orders for Work will be promptly attended to on the most reasonable terms. Give us a call!

Country Produce will be taken in exchange for Furniture.

Gettysburg, June 15.

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SELLING OFF AT COST!

THE undersigned being desirous of closing business, will offer at **COST** from this date, their entire stock of

GOODS,

by WHOLESALE or RETAIL. The Goods having been purchased for cash, can be had **VERY LOW**. All are invited (merchants and others) to call and examine for themselves. These desirous of securing Bargains, will do well to call soon.

J. M. STEVENSON, JR. & CO.

Gettysburg, Jan. 19.

N. B. Also for sale the HOUSE & LOT

The STORE ROOM is admitted to be the most desirable in this place. The property will be sold very low.

Gettysburg, Jan. 19.

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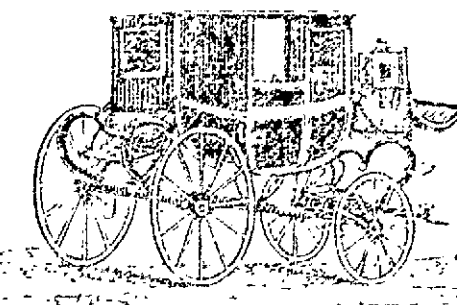
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COACH MAKING.



THE subscriber, thankful for past favors,

respectfully informs the public that he

continues the **COACH-MAKING BUSINESS**

in all its various branches, at his Old Stand in

York street, formerly Buckingham, where

he has on hand and will manufacture to order

CARRIAGES,

Huggies, Jersey Wagons, &c.

all of the best materials, and by the best of

workmen. Call and judge for yourselves.

LEONARD STOUGH

Gettysburg, April 29.

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LAW NOTICE.

THE subscriber having removed from Ge-

ttysburg, persons having business with

him may find him during the Court, and on

every Tuesday throughout the year, at the

Hotel of James McCosh, in Gettysburg, and at

all other times at his residence in Littleton

He is also a Commissioner for the

Acknowledgment of Deeds and all other in-

struments of Writing, under seal, to be used in the

State of Maryland.

WM. MSHERRY

March 29.

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From the N. O. Picayune, June 14.
FROM GALVESTON AND RIO GRANDE.
First Movement of Invasion of Mexico.

The steamship Galveston, Captain Wright, was towed up to town at an early hour yesterday morning, by the towboat Star. By her we have received Galveston papers to the 10th inst. and our correspondence from the army. They bring up the news to the Rio Grande to the latest dates, and will be found interesting.

Among the passengers brought by the Galveston were Gov. P. M. Butler, of South Carolina; Major McCree, U. S. Quartermaster; Maj. Bell; Capt. Hawkins; Capt. Moore; Dr. Moore, of the Army; Com. Moore, of Texas; Lieut. Hoese, of the Navy, and a number of officers of the army on the recruiting service.

We regret to say that Gov. Butler reached here in a very low state of health, but we are in hopes that a few days of quiet and repose will bring him up speedily.

On Saturday the 7th inst. Lieut. Col. Wilson left Matamoros for Reinoso, making the first movement towards the invasion of Mexico by the American Army. Col. Wilson has a command of five hundred strong, composed as follows:

The four companies of the first Regiment of Infantry, Brevet Maj. Abercrombie, Company K; Capt. Miller, Company G; Capt. Becken, Company G; Capt. La Motte, Company C; and Capt. Price's Company of Texas Rangers, with a section of Lieut. Bragg's Battery, under Lieuts. Thomas and Johnston.

This movement is highly interesting, because it opens the ball of carrying the war into the enemy's country. Reinoso is a small town on the Rio Grande, sixty miles from Matamoros, and containing about one thousand inhabitants. It is presumed that Col. Wilson and the brave soldiers under him will take it without a blow—at least the soldiers fear such will be the case.

The volunteers are in good health and spirits—very few cases of sickness.

Volunteers have at last begun to pour into Galveston freely.

Movements of the Enemy.—A traveler from Tampico met a Government carrier between that place and Victoria, about 10 days ago, hunting for the Mexican army, for whom he bore orders, he said, to retreat upon Tampico. This would seem to indicate that the Government considers the day as definitely lost in this quarter, or were unable to reinforce their army sufficiently to enable it to stand another battle, and were collecting its fragments for the defence of Vera Cruz.

The port of Tampico was not blockaded, he states, as vessels were entering and departing, though an American sloop of war—the St. Mary's—was in sight. Mr. Schatzell and the other Americans, who were so rudely driven from Matamoros by Anapudia, had reached Tampico in safety, though shaken in health by their forced journey of three hundred miles. They took shipping on the 23d ult. for this place, where they may be hourly expected.

Arista's retreat will doubtless continue to the mountains. After losing the day with five to one at Pala Alto and Resaca de la Palma, it is not likely that he will make another stand on the plains. Gen. Taylor takes the field with so overwhelming a force, and so admirably equipped in that terrible arm, the light artillery, that it would be madness in the enemy to fight again, where defeat would be certain and retreat impossible. Monterey is the first position of any natural strength, and it also commands the entrance of the mountain pass to Saltillo. It is there, in all probability, that Arista will make his great effort, which the importance of the object, his wounded pride, and the advantages of the ground, will all conspire to make a brilliant but a bloody day in the history of this war.

Letters from the city of Mexico continue to speak of the disturbed state of the country, and the revolutions in progress, and in conception. *Paredes is about to march* (there now seems to be no doubt of the fact), with 7000 men, or more, to the Seat of War, with the army of reserve, and he is making extraordinary efforts to raise money and men, the last seeming more abundant than the first. *The revolution in the South of Mexico had not been suppressed*, and it does not appear that Alvarez had fled South, as reported some time ago. A warm controversy was going on in the papers as to the intended march of Paredes. Many contend that this abandonment of the seat of Government for the seat of War, will be but the signal for further revolutions, that will break out as soon as he leaves.

The departure of Paredes will be very difficult to accomplish, since the events on the frontier have produced a strong impression. In case he should march, he may command ten or sixteen thousand men, including the reserve, and Arista's. It is reported also, (not probable) that charges will be made against Arista.

Military Spirit in the West.—A correspondent from Memphis, Tennessee, of the 6th inst., remarks on "the volunteer spirit of our little city of 8000 people. It had six companies ready for the field before the act passed Congress, authorizing the President to call for 50,000 volunteers; and it sends out three companies in a few days to the tented field. No place in the South and West has been so prompt, or has turned out so largely in proportion to numbers, as Memphis."

New Cotton Factory.—A cotton factory is about to be erected at Reading, Pa., with a capital of \$200,000.

From the New York Courier of Monday.

FEARFUL ACCIDENT AT ROCHESTER.
The school house, No. 9, Parker street, Rochester, was the scene of a melancholy disaster on Friday forenoon, by which a large number of children were badly wounded and three or four mortally. During a severe thunder gust that morning, the roof of the building blew off and the chimneys and gable end were driven into the room occupied by the female department.

There were one hundred children in the apartment, under the charge of Miss Gould, and the brick and timbers fell in all parts of the school, wounding almost every pupil in it, but killing none.

The whole number of the children reported to be injured is 21, all but three or four it is believed will recover.

Miss Gould greatly exerted herself in extricating the little sufferers, many of whom had crawled under the desks and benches when the crash was first heard.

The boys' department was but slightly injured in the roof, and no one was hurt. Masses of the roof were carried 200 yards, and the heaviest portion 20 or 30 feet.

The Mormon Temple.—The St. Louis New Era of the 12th inst., says:

A report reached here yesterday, by the steamer St. Croix, that preparations were said to be making at Nauvoo when she left, to blow up the Holy Temple of the Mormons with gunpowder. The rumor there was generally believed, and considerable excitement prevailed in consequence. The powder was to be deposited at Pontiac, about fifteen miles above. If done, it is to be the work of the anti-Mormons, who believe that if the temple was destroyed, this infatuated band would entirely disband, and never think of Nauvoo more than any other place; but so long as the temple remains it will be looked upon by them as the *Meca* of their religion, and hundreds who have started to Oregon, Iowa and California, will be straggling back. Besides this, Mormons from every part of the East who are emigrating West, must take Nauvoo in their route to see the temple. This, the anti-Mormons do not like, and these are some of the reasons assigned for its destruction, but the most probable one is that it has its origin in malignity, and a desire, if possible, to exterminate the very name of Mormon. Yesterday was the day fixed upon for its destruction. "We shall soon see what we shall see."

From Wilmer & Smith's Liverpool Times, June 1.

The Cholera.—We have already stated that the cholera had made its appearance in some of the provinces of Persia, carrying death into the principal towns. It has spread from Bokhara to Herat and Meshin, and has now taken the direction towards the Caspian Sea to Teheran and Isfahan. Late accounts from Odessa state that it had crossed the Russian territory and appeared suddenly at Tiflis, taking a northerly direction between the Caspian and the Black Seas. On the other side the cholera broke out unexpectedly at Orenbourg, in the mines of the Ural mountains; it crossed the Volga, and set its foot in Europe, at Casan, only 2,000 kilometers from St. Petersburg. If the accounts we have received are exact, it has taken a most irregular direction. It has advanced from west to north, and does not seem to have followed the banks of the river, as in 1825, and 1832. The cholera which devastated France in 1831 and 1832, had been raging in Persia for seven years, 1823 to 1830. It first appeared in 1823 at Orenbourg and shed death around that town for five years. It re-appeared at Orenbourg in 1829, and one-tenth of the population fell victims. It broke out at St. Petersburg in July, 1831, and in France in the October of the same year.

Aeronaut Swamper.—One Mr. Crover recently made a balloon ascension in Wilmington, N. C. The silken gasometer rose gracefully to a distance of perhaps a fourth of a mile, sailed off gently before the wind in a north-westerly course for about two miles, and came down gradually in the midst of a swamp, where the aeronaut, not being able to find his way out, lay all night upon a log; very comfortably, he says. The balloon was somewhat injured by beating against the tops of the trees.

Melancholy Occurrence.—On the 9th instant, as the steamer Convey was coming up from New Orleans, there fell overboard and was drowned, a respectable English woman, (the wife of Robert Addison,) just arrived from England, on her way to settle in Wisconsin. She had on board the boat her husband and seven children—and they are people of intelligence and seemingly of much worth. All the money (seventy sovereigns) possessed by this family she had on her person, and the whole family are now penniless—except that contributed by passengers on the boat and Capt. Garrison, who refunded their passage money.

The Canal Commissioners have resolved to rebuild the Clark's Ferry Bridge. A large portion of the timber has been contracted for, and the work will be prosecuted to completion as speedily as possible under the present indefatigable Supervisor, Samuel Holman, Esq., of Hartsburg.

The Difference.—Congressmen who sit at Washington, and involve the Nation in unwholesome wars, receive eight dollars per day for their services—the people who are compelled to peril their lives to put down their over acts of ambition, receive eight dollars per month.

"Mountain that was delivered of a man, henceforth be thy name 51 10." exclaimed Mr. Benton in his Oregon speech, in which he so unmercifully ridiculed the fifty-four furies, and outthrew the similes, as he expressed it; the hands in the eyes, a disease and treatment of horses. And where are the fifty-four furies now—those who declared our title to be "clear and unquestionable," and were ready to fight sooner than surrender a single inch of the territory, nay, a single pebble stone upon the coast? And who answers when? Why do they not come forward, call meetings, pass resolutions as they did some months or weeks ago, declaring our title to be "clear and unquestionable," and protest against the treaty?

To be serious, it is not most fortunate for the United States as well as Great Britain that there are some men of sound sense and cool heads left yet in the two nations, and that a few such men still linger in Congress, or at least in the Senate; and is it not most earnestly to be hoped that the people, seeing in this instance the vast importance of having such men in the national councils, will send them there? Had other councils than those of the Whigs in the Senate prevailed, had they opposed the notice, or had it been passed in the terms recommended by the President and advocated with such violent vehemence by Mr. Allen, and so earnestly by Mr. Cass, what now would have been the condition of the country? We should in all probability have been involved in a double war.

The debate which took place in the Senate just previous to the departure of the steamer from Boston, some time about the last of February or the first of March, as near as I can recollect, and the speech made by Mr. Webster, with such premeditated precision on the 31st of March, which went out in the steamer of the fourth of April, and in which he declared that Great Britain must not expect to come south of the 39th degree; that up to that time all parties here were agreed as to the clearness of our title—no doubt had a most salutary effect, not only upon the British cabinet and press, but upon the minds of the people of Great Britain, and tended greatly, I have not a doubt, to induce the proposition from the British Government which has, happily, ended in a treaty.

To all those who counselled moderation, temperance of language, and prudence of action, the country owes a debt of gratitude, for they have saved it from a bloody struggle, in which nothing more could have been gained than we have now obtained. "To THE SENATE," the country may hereafter well "look," and look with entire confidence, in the hour of danger, and when the winds of party, and the storms of passion and prejudice, are raging elsewhere and threaten to drive the ship of state upon rocks and breakers, let us echo the words of those who uttered them with a design to excite suspicion in the breasts of the American people against that able and patriotic body,—"LOOK TO THE SENATE," yes, look to it hereafter, in all times of darkness and danger, and rely upon it as the sheet anchor of the Ship of State.

The repeal of the existing Tariff and the substitution of reduced rates of duties are now urged on the ground of the necessity of additional revenue. Before the war with Mexico broke out there was a surplus in the Treasury, and then the Tariff was to be reduced because it raised too much revenue. For too little income or too much, the same remedy is to be applied. If the Treasury is full to overflowing, the Tariff must be brought down; if the Treasury lacks money, still the Tariff must be reduced.

Of the present system of duties, which has worked so well since 1812, the Union says that "it is framed to prevent or to diminish importations, not to raise revenue." Yet it has raised revenue and that abundantly. If the expenditures of the Government are now greater than the revenue furnished by the Tariff, it is because a state of war exists for the expenses of which no Tariff that could be framed would be adequate.—*Baltimore.*

Gen. Taylor in New York.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger thus speaks of the recent movement in that city relative to Gen. Taylor and the Presidency:

"The meeting called for last evening for the purpose of putting up Gen. Taylor for the Presidency, was a decided failure so far as its avowed object was concerned. But eighty people attended. Amongst them, however, very fortunately, were a few discreet heads who admirably managed to turn the current of affairs from their intended channel, and converted the meeting into a mere, and very laudable assemblage for giving utterance to the gratitude entertained by our community, toward the General, for his late brilliant military services, and to the great and universal esteem in which he is held here, as an officer and a fellow citizen. 'All's well that ends well.'"

Gen. Houston at Philadelphia.—The lecture of Gen. Samuel Houston, late President of Texas, and now U. S. Senator from that State, before the Southern Christian Home Mission Society, at the Museum, on Saturday evening, says the Philadelphia Times, to the extreme mortification of the projectors of the meeting, as well as to the great surprise of such of the friends and admirers of the hero of San Jacinto as were present, drew an audience of hardly over two hundred persons.

We think that the Secretary of the Treasury's estimate will be found far below the amount actually required by the combined prosecution of the war with Mexico. We venture to predict that, should that war continue six months, the expenses of the Government will exceed *seventy millions a year.* It is such a large amount, or if only fifty millions be required by a contest with a puny Ponce de Leon, what would have been the enormous expenditure, and the grinding influence of direct taxation, demanded by collision with the great maritime Power of England? Let the people recollect that from this devastating result, as well as the other horrible evils which follow in the train of the demon War, they have been saved by the triumph of that spirit of compromise, and the adoption of that pacific policy, for which the Wines of the nation have contended with such ardor, perseverance, and success.—*Republican.*

The Mediation Instructions.—The National Intelligencer of Monday says: "The most important item which we find in the newspapers in connection with the news brought by the *Calcedonia*—viz: that instructions have been sent out to Mr. Pakenham to proffer the mediation of Great Britain between the United States and Mexico—though concurred in by all the papers of Boston and New York, is not confirmed by any thing which has transpired here in Washington. We do not doubt, however, from the indications in the English papers, that such mediation will be offered by the British Government."

The August Interest.—As we may presume, the following from the Philadelphia Pennsylvania, in its semi-annual stamp, it will be read with satisfaction by the holders of Pennsylvania bonds:

"For some time it has been believed that the August interest could not be paid; but we are happy to state that, owing to the promptitude of the several counties in the payment of their taxes, and the increased revenue from our State improvements—added to the exertions of the State Treasurer—there is now every probability that the semi-annual installment of the State interest will be punctually and fully paid."

The Bucks County Intelligencer holds the following language with reference to General Scott:

"General Scott's conduct towards his fellow soldier, the heroic Taylor, will be remembered with admiration by the whole American people. The only mistake we discover in his share of the controversy, is the hasty and imprudent expression of his opinions and feelings. Those opinions and feelings, in themselves, are perfectly natural and proper, but their suppression would have been politic, considering the character of those with whom he was dealing, and their determination to provoke a pretext for the unworthy course they had determined to pursue towards him."

Wholesale Correction.—In the correspondence between Generals Taylor and Anapudia, the following language is used by "Old Rough and Ready":

"I take leave to state that I consider the tone of your communication highly exceptionable, where you stigmatize the movement of the army under my orders as marked with the seal of universal reprobation. You must be aware that such language is not respectful in itself, either to me or my government; and while I observe in my own correspondence the courtesy due to your high position, and to the magnitude of the interests with which we are respectively charged, I shall expect the same in return."

There is something really Washingtonian in the tone and language of the above quotation, a mild gentle rebuke, and ought to carry with it some effect. It is long since we have had such a long sword in such a short point in the hand of a commanding General.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Est. Pickings.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot says that Messrs. RICHMOND & HUNT, the Printers of the House of Representatives, received Ninety-five Thousand Dollars for printing a single Document—the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents, which is largely composed of unacknowledged plagiarisms from the Agricultural publications. The profit on this job is estimated at Forty-five Thousand Dollars! No wonder the official *Catnip*, published by these Printers, wishes Congress to sit until the First of September. Such public plunder in the shape of Printing is outrageous; but the Administration majority have obstinately repeated every Whig proposition to give the work to the lowest bidder.

Unpleasant Liberty.—Mr. JAMES B. PHILLIPS, a plasterer of Washington City, has generously contributed, without solicitation, about six hundred dollars' worth of work on the new "Central Presbyterian Church," and let the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Tustin, in that city. This plastering has lately been completed by Mr. Phillips in a workmanlike manner, and on the completion of the work, Mr. Phillips generously sent the building committee a receipt for the plastering of the church.

James McHenry Dead.—Esq. of Maryland, has been returned by the U. S. Senate as Secretary of the Legation of the U. States at the Court of St. James, vice GILBERT MANNING, deceased.

Palo Alto.—Since the splendid victories of Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma, were achieved on the Rio Grande, the New Yorkers have Palo Alto and Palo Alto reeking claims. Palo Alto is a war; and on last Monday the march was made. Palo Alto is a march, at the top of the march.

OUR TERRITORY ON THE PACIFIC.

The adjustment of our boundary line in Oregon, and the final settlement of all controversy with England on that subject, will no doubt give an impetus to emigration to the Pacific coast sufficient to form the population of a new State in that quarter within a few years. California shall become ours, or which there appears to be every probability, a range of Pacific States will soon exist. Then will the grand cycle be completed; and civilization in its progress from the East will have reached its ultimate point.—From the shores of Oregon our people, the last born of the nation, yet the oldest in the world's history, will look across the Pacific to the land where humanity was cradled.

Ages and ages ago from the banks of the Ganges the first step in the march of civilization was made. Babylon and Nineveh had their days of greatness; then Egypt, whose victorious Sesostris triumphed as she marched over to the remotest corners of India. Afterwards came the Persian ascendancy; then the splendors of Grecian civilization and the empire of Alexander the Great; and lastly, as the crowning chapter of ancient history, Western Europe swayed the world by the iron grasp of Rome's military legions.

From India Egypt received her philosophy and literature; from Egypt letters were carried by Caravans into Greece; and into both of the venerable seats of early civilization Pythagoras travelled to bring home truths of wisdom. All these, inherited by Rome, became the property of the European mind. Thus from age to age, from nation to nation, the progress has gone on, every age and every nation, which has received the transmitted heritage of the great trust of humanity, having had its peculiar function, some to develop one characteristic, some to bring forth another. And how great the changes have been since the first step of the onward movement one may distinctly conceive by beholding the republican pioneer of America confronting the Brahmin of India—the one the latest type of individual self-dependence and distinct personality; the other the representative of a priestly dynasty which locked all human freedom in the rigid forms of *castes*, over which superstition sat predominant—a dynasty which existed before History began, and whose representatives at this day are connected by an uninterrupted succession with the earliest period of recorded time.

We have reached the Pacific, and there on its tranquil shores the onward progress of our restless population must stop. Looking over the immense region which Providence has given to us to occupy, the mind is lost in the immensity of the greatness which awaits us, and the heart is stricken with awe at the vast responsibility which must rest upon us as the people who are to hold in trust the accumulated results of all preceding civilization. Human rights and human freedom; self government; the history of fallen nations once great and powerful; the records of wars and convulsions which were the parturient throes ushering some new idea or principle into life; all these and a thousand kindred reflections rush into the mind when one ventures to consider the mighty future which lies before this Republic and its adventurous people. The commerce of the world is to be ours, and both oceans are to be subject to us. The splendors of Eastern cities which grew into greatness by the trade between the Valley of the Nile and the Valley of the Ganges, will shine but dimly, even in the enhanced illumination of fancy and tradition, when compared with the stately magnificence and colossal structure of the cities which are to concentrate the rich elements of the Valley of the Mississippi. The ruins of Thebes and Memphis, of Palmyra and Babee, remain still to attest a wonderful degree of former greatness; but they grew up by means of a caravan trade on camels, or by a commerce of galleys on the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. From such a traffic let the eye turn to the rivers, canals and railroads of this continent of ours, to the mighty agency of steam-propelling innumerable vessels and cars, and to the immense expanse of alluvial soil, fertile in products, under the culture of a people, who for enterprise, energy and invention have no superiors—we may say no equals.

The possession of the Pacific coast will give a new impulse to our already rapid progress. A new basis of commercial operations, having the Bay of St. Francisco and the mouth of the Columbia for its prominent points, must soon exist beyond the Rocky Mountains.—"Commercially," says Mr. Senator BARNES, "the advantages of Oregon will be great—far greater than any equal portion of the Atlantic States. The eastern States, who will be their chief customers, are more numerous than our customers in western Europe—more probable to trade with, and less dangerous to cartage with. Their articles of commerce are richer than those of Europe; they want what the Oregonians will have to spare, bread and provisions, and have no system of policy to prevent them from purchasing these necessities of life from those who can supply them. The sea which washes their shores is every way a better sea than the Atlantic, richer in its whole and other fisheries; in the fisheries which include it to the north, more fortunate in the tranquility of its character, in its freedom from storms, gales, and hurricanes; in its perfect adaptation to steam navigation; in its intermediate or half-way islands, and its numerous harbors, and its sheltered bays, and its calm and moderate winds, and its easy access to the land."

The Hon. ALEXANDER H. EVERTS, U. S. Commissioner to China, and his lady, sailed from N. York on Monday in the ship *Columbia* for Canton. Four missionaries, with their ladies, and a Chinese convert, are passengers on the same vessel.

Dead, suddenly, in Washington city, one day last week, 51, 40—the child of James K. POLK, Esq. It had been carefully nursed for some weeks by Mrs. Allen and Cass; but owing to a dose of Boston mudpots and some other nostrums, recently administered in large quantities, it died a miserable death.—The Hon. Wm. Sawyer, of Ohio, preached the funeral oration on Saturday last, in which he declared that its decease was owing, to the treachery of the friends of its paternal parent, who had, "shamefully, ignorantly, and ignominiously" strangled it when it was to be "clear and independent." "Ye that have tears prepared to shed them now!"—*Illustrated.*

its coasts, except the American, which is to grow up at the mouth of the Columbia. As a people to trade with; as a sea to navigate; the Mongolian race of eastern Asia, and the North Pacific ocean, are far preferable to the Europeans and the Atlantic.

From the Pacific across the Rocky Mountains to the navigable waters of the Mississippi there are means of communication which may be easily improved into thoroughfares. The navigation of the Columbia, it is believed, can be made practicable to the Upper Falls, a distance of six hundred miles from tide water.—The North Pass is declared by Mr. Benton to be as easy as the South—there is no sensible elevation to remind the traveller that he is ascending. From this Pass to the Great Falls of the Missouri is about sixty miles; and the whole distance from the navigable waters of the Columbia to those of the Missouri is summed at some two hundred and ten miles only. This interval is well adapted for the construction of a rail road.—*Balt. Amer.*

Causing Scene in Matamoros.—The high price of cotton goods in Matamoros, owing to the Mexican Tariff, is well known. Several enterprising "rancheros," since Gen. Taylor has taken possession of the city, have "moved in," opened stores, and are selling goods on "cheap principles," about one-third of the usual Mexican prices, but double the usual American prices.

It is an amusing scene to witness the crowd around these stores, composed of the mixed people of the city. Finely dressed women, rancheros, naked Indians and negroes; all eager to purchase goods, and jabbering good, bad and indifferent Spanish, with a rapidly truly appalling to a phlegmatic Anglo-American.

Capt. Walker—He will not accept it.—The New Haven Register says: "A gentleman from Corpus Christi, who is intimately acquainted with Capt. Walker, tells us that he will not accept any post in the army—that his tact lies in fighting Mexicans by instinct; and that the discipline of the regular army would destroy his usefulness. As a scout, or skirmisher, he has not a superior; but as a soldier automaton, to be moved by others, perhaps his inferiors in spirit, or knowledge of border warfare, he would never submit to it. He may feel complimented by this act of the Government, but his adventurous spirit will never brook the trammels of the regular camp."

Wagons for the Army.—We were told this morning, by a wagon maker, that there are two hundred wagons making in Cincinnati for the Army. There are three hundred in Philadelphia. Several of the shops here are at work on them now. The Army will need them all to get through the difficult roads, on which it proposes to march to Mexico.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

Melancholy Accident.—The East Berlin Standard says, that on Friday morning the 5th inst., a sad and melancholy accident happened to the family of Mr. EMANUEL ULRICH, near that place. Early in the morning, having no fire, his wife and daughter attempted to strike some with a fowling piece. The daughter held the gun while her mother was pouring the powder into the pan. Some how or other the tram took fire, bursted the powder-horn and burned them very badly. The hand of the mother was horribly shattered, and the eye of the daughter rendered useless for life.

Snow Storm at New York.—On Saturday morning, June 20th, says the Journal of Commerce, the city was visited by a storm, or more properly a squall, from the northwest, and on the north side of the city the inhabitants were refreshed by a fall of snow for some minutes. Overcoats were not uncomfortable.

ALL THE SEVEN MINISTERS, now abroad, representing this government, are from the Southern states. In England, Mr. McLane, of Maryland; in France, Mr. King, of Alabama; in Prussia, Mr. Donelson, of Tennessee; in Spain, Mr. Saunders, of North Carolina; in Turkey, Mr. Carr, of Maryland; in Mexico, Mr. Sidel, of Louisiana; in Brazil, Mr. Wise, of Virginia.

The Army in Mexico.—The army of the United States in Mexico appears to be now about 11,000 strong, as the following estimates will show: U. S. Regulars, 3,500; Louisiana Volunteers, 4,500; Texas, 750; Alabama, 750; Kentucky, 750; Missouri, 750—total, 11,000.

Dead, suddenly, in Washington city, one day last week, 51, 40—the child of James K. POLK, Esq. It had been carefully nursed for some weeks by Mrs. Allen and Cass; but owing to a dose of Boston mudpots and some other nostrums, recently administered in large quantities, it died a miserable death.—The Hon. Wm. Sawyer, of Ohio, preached the funeral oration on Saturday last, in which he declared that its decease was owing, to the treachery of the friends of its paternal parent, who had, "shamefully, ignorantly, and ignominiously" strangled it when it was to be "clear and independent." "Ye that have tears prepared to shed them now!"—*Illustrated.*